THE NORWICH
Theatrical Observer.

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"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in Malice."

CRITIQUE

On Tuesday Night's Performance, March 27th, 1827,

Paul Pry and Guy Fawkes.

In consequence of the severe accident which occurred to Mr Arlan, and which we noticed in our last number, the play was altered from "The Wonder" to Paul Pry—whether or no the knowledge of Mr Arlan's misfortune had any influence on the public feeling, is more than we can tell; but the house was certainly more thinly attended than on any preceding evening this season; Paul Pry was not played with that spirit which ought to have characterized it; and the interest which is always excited on the representation of GUY FAWKES, failed in almost every scene, although well acted. The scenery of this piece is very beautiful, and in the minor Theatres in London, the performance of it is always hailed with considerable applause. Mr O. Smith of the Surrey Theatre, was the original actor in Guy Fawkes.

Rivers *has written to us in the most singular style; his wit is pointed, and just; the composition in many parts of his letter possesses great merit, we are induced to give his communication* verbatim et liberatim *as a* bonnè bouchè *for exciting risibility.*

To the Editor of the Theatrical Observer.

——The love of fame, with this can ill accord.——

Episode of Nisus and Euryalus.

——and yet, 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandoned critics too.——

Pope.

My very dear, *Sir*, I'm going to *aver*, what you may think *odd*, and say a good *rod*, would act as a *friend*, if applied to the *end*, which has mounted to *Drury*, when he's been in a *fury*, for quizzing his *poll*, or burning the *scroll*, that contained all the *faults*, from infusing the *salts*, to fracas I can't *bear*, should be seen by the *fair*, who doubtless will *throw*, an eye full of *know*, upon what I may *say*, so without the *delay*, *crim con* would *occasion*, or be thought an *invasion*, upon your *critique*. I'll put up with the *pique*, and say I'm *content*, till the finish of *Lent*, by making *remarks*, on Theatrical *sparks*, who vew they don't *look*, at your nice little *book*,—but I say they *do*, and admire it *too*, although they won't *own*, they bow at your *frown*, it make them I *know*, afraid how they *go*, before the bright *orb*, that bothers them *so*; but sometimes a *beam*, so passing *supreme*, appears from your *brow*, Oh! did you but *know!* when thus you do *throw*, in your quota of *praise*, what emotions you *raise*, of gratitude, *feeling*, and all that's *appealing*, from one to *another*, you never would *bother*, an

actor *again*, but spare him the pain, of having to *pass*, in print, the *disgrace*, of *looking below*, or playing *so, so*. Now sometimes I go, to this palace of *woe*, and hear with *surprise*, the rapturous *cries*, when *Baker appears*, to astonish the *ears*, with nocturnal *screeching*; if any *beseeching*, can prevail with this *gent*, I'm sure mine shall be *spent*, and though I now *hint it*, I trust you will *print it*, that his songs are *too old*, and his tales are not *told*, with humour *enough*, to prevent taking *snuff*, then out comes a *pun*, which has had a good *run*, some seasons gone *by*, I wish he would *try*, to vary his *tale*, 'tis so musty—so *stale*, and let him be *sure*, if he wishes to *cure*, the wound he has *flung*, whene'r he has *sung*, to make no *concession*, but give that *profession*, in *silence away*, and he'll gain the lost *day* ———

Hold! here's your *Observer*, now something *further*, hum—hum, one '*Vindicator*,' Poh! he's a mere *prater*, Oh, another from '*Andre*,' Good—*Jeluis en tendre*, one *Constant Reader*,—no, won't do for a *leader*, what! bad grammar *again*, why what does he *mean*? '*has appeared criticisms*,' satire and *witticisms*, I could not *conceive*, nor will not *believe*, but 'tis a' *misprint*, the remarks that are *in't*, are perfectly *just*, Mam'selle Phillips *must*, dispense with *timidity*, alias *frigidity*, inattention, *&c.* likewise to better *her*, if the memory's *fickle*, not to play "*Little Pickle*," but study her *book*, or take a lecture from *Crook*,* this I advise *her*, don't let it surprise *her*, if she dares *disobey*, the legitimate *way*, of rising to *greatness*, in spite of the *sweetness*, her bright countenance *gives*, that she won't while she *lives*, gain a *hand* and a *purse*, for better for *worse*.—now by this *expedient*,——Sir, I remain your *Obedient*.

'RIVERS.'

*These Lectures are given at the Assembly Rooms, 5 Guineas each I believe,—a mere trifle!

P. S. Your 'Friend to Justice' appears to be in a hopeless case, he is certainly in love with Miss Lawrence gone,—quite gone, *youthful beauty, virtue, and talent*, Oh! dear, 'powerful qualifications' indeed! what does his *better half* think of this? he has *one* it seems.

CRITIQUE

On Thursday Night's Performance, March 29th, 1827,

MOUNTAIN ROBBER.

The Overture which precedes this piece, is an admired composition, and is ably executed by the Band,—with all due deference to one of our best correspondents, we consider the Musical Department of this Theatre, as it regards the Orchestra, of a superior cast, to that of a great many provincial Theatres; we have very often to regret that harmonious compositions should be delivered up to ears that have neither sense to hear, nor capacity to understand its refinements, nor even the generosity to applaud, where applause is justly due. The Orchestra is well constructed, and is as ably filled, perhaps (with one or two exceptions) as any Theatre out of London. The double drums are something the worse for the *rats*, and are too small for the size of the Theatre—a good Trombone player, and a Serpent is greatly required to give powerful effect in overtures and grand military marches. We have various complaints from our correspondents that we are deficient in *our* remarks, both on the performers, and the pieces in which they respectively appear, our readers forget that our 'pages are open to all,—influenced by none,'—and that we very frequently are obliged to cut out our own observations on the Drama, to give admission to letters often the lucubrations of men of great ability; we are willing to oblige all in rotation, provided they stand conspicuous for merit, without giving the slightest offence by undue partiality, notwithstanding we are accused of favoritism, to which accusation we plead *not guilty!*

In the Mountain Robber the supernumeraries are well-dressed, more numerous than usual, and better drilled; we shall in this number take a short review of each actor and actress as they pass

through the three several pieces as performed on Thursday evening, beginning with the Antonio Cirenza of *Mr Hamerton*; this is a respectable performance, but not equal to Mr Arlan's; Mr Hamerton was too much cloaked up about the neck, whereby his Jewish countenance, and bushy black beard, was hidden from view—this, with a defect of facial expression, and his strong Irish accent, was completely at variance with the disguise he had assumed.—*Mr Wilkinson* as Jaspero, made an excellent Robber; he dressed, looked, and enacted his part admirably, and is altogether greatly improved. Attention, resolution, and study, will in the end, make him a respectable performer.—*Mr Sherwin* as the stupid but faithful Moco, was excellent, particularly at the close of the piece. *Mr George Smith* as Count Corvenio, had the air and manner of an officer of rank, without any flourish of rhetoric.—*Mr Balls* as Strappado the drunken sentinel, had a great deal of the burden of the Drama, and acquitted himself as he always does in such characters, with great credit.—*Mrs Balls* as Julietta, we have before alluded to in our last number, the repetition of her performance this evening, was as powerfully interesting, and equally as respectable as on the first night; she sustained her part with great precision, and contributed powerfully to aid and support the piece to the end.—*Mr Beacham* as Justine, the landlord of the inn, was as usual nature's faithful portrait. It is quite superfluous to add praise to this gentleman's long and well-earned fame.

The combat of eight was conducted better this evening, but we again contend for constant practice to attain perfection. The house was very thinly attended.

FORTUNE'S FROLIC.

The old and admirable farce of Fortune's Frolic, was exceedingly well performed.—*Mr Sherwin's* Robin Roughhead was unexceptionably good—*Emery* will always live whilst this gentleman is an actor; his first interview with old Snacks, wherein he is made acquainted with his good fortune in being elevated to the dignity of a Peer of the realm, was a capital scene.—The moral of this farce, and the noble sentiments it contains, had rigid justice done to them by Mr Sherwin.—*Mr Wharton* as old Snacks, is a most comical character,—his portly figure, ludicrous dress, and good acting, made the part all the author could desire. Brass counters, in lieu of guineas, are better then pieces of tin—Mr Wharton will know what we mean when we remind him of the villager's scramble.—*Mrs Baker's* Dolly, was in the usual style of artless simplicity.—This lady possesses qualities of the greatest utility, and has made rapid improvement in the past two seasons; she is a most lively and captivating actress.

WALLACE THE HERO OF SCOTLAND.

This Romantic melo-drama was but indifferently performed—*Mr Williamson's* song, 'Charge Chester Charge,' was sung in his usual style, but as he strongly endeavoured to do his best to please the audience, he did not deserve the treatment he met.—*Mr Balls* as Sir William Wallace, felt the importance of his part, but at times was carried away by too much ardour, a fault, perhaps,

on the right side, and easily to be excused, from his open and manly feeling. The banquet scene was meagre in the extreme, and one pretty female dancer, *(Miss Watkinson)* supplied the place of a regular *Corps-dé Ballet.*

To the Editor of the Theatrical Observer.

MR EDITOR.—Histrionic talent is but little encouraged and rewarded in our city, and very frequently the Manager of our Corps Dramatique meets with undeserved censure, when no possible blame can be attached to him. There is in Norwich an apathetic indifference, a want of 'Public Spirit' in patronising the Drama; and yet our worthy citizens expect a *fine Theatre, first rate actors,* and a constant supply of *Novelty*! This desirable end is not to be accomplished without their assistance, the *Manager* may have *taste* and *inclination* to please, but if the *means are withheld*, if no exertions are made on the part of the public, *alias* no '*Sovereign*' remedy offered, why we must be content with 'talent below mediocrity.' I thank you most sincerely for the amusement and gratification which I have received from the perusal of your 'Theatrical Observer,' it deserves every possible encouragement, not only for its *Literary merits*, but for the liberal and honourable manner in which it is conducted.—I have only to entreat that you will let us have more of *your* remarks or criticisms, and a *curtailment* of those from your *correspondents.* 'I beg pardon,' but I must ask how such a letter as that signed a 'constant reader,' in your last number, could possibly gain admission? I do not wish to be severe, and shall say little on the composition or *style* of the writer, but if he would take my advice, he would be on better terms with 'MURRAY' before he ventures again to trouble you with the perusal of such *nonsense.* I am bold to say, Sir, that 'No. 12' is *disgraced* by the insertion of such a Letter! Miss Phillips need not dread the *consequences* of such *puny efforts*, to lower her in the estimation of the public, if the writer had a little of that Lady's 'timidity' and less ignorant impudence of his own, he might possibly be *bearable* in civilized *society!*—I *hope* you will give this letter the *earliest insertion,*

'For when a Lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.'

I shall leave the subject in your hands, and if I am not asking too much, I shall be extremely obliged for your remarks on the *uncalled for* and *unmanly criticism* of a 'Constant Reader.' I am content to be the '*smooth plaster*' he elegantly introduced, do *you*, Mr Editor, for once become a *blister*, which if properly and *judiciously* applied, may save the writer from a *Lunatic Asylum!!*

Your's respectfully,
PAUL PRY'S UNCLE.

On Saturday, March 31st, 1827, will be performed the Comedy of

Secrets Worth Knowing.

Greville, Mr Hamerton—Undermine, Mr Wharton—Egerton, Mr G Smith
April, Mr Sherwin—Plethora, Mr Baker—Nicholas, Mr Beacham
Butler, Mr Nicholls—Cook, Mr Bryan—Coachman, Mr Stacey
Rostrum, (an Auctioneer), Mr Balls.

Mrs Greville, Mrs Brudenell—Sally Downright, Mrs Baker
Rose Sidney, Miss Williams

After which, the Farce of

MR. TIBBS;

Or, Richard's Himself Again.

Mr Tibbs,.....Mr Balls.....Mrs Tibbs,.....Mrs Baker.

To conclude with the Farce, of

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Remarks.—X. Y. Z's last communication, was just in time to prevent the insertion of the former; it shall have an early insertion.—Vindex's reply to Henry in our next, with observations by the Editor—Henry shall not be laid on the shelf.—James must think that quite enough has already been said of Miss Lawrence.

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